



*ISIDORA to CASIMIR:*

A N

E P I S T L E.



(Price Six-pence.)

WIDORN to CANIMIA

HA

EPISIT E

(1112 2000)

13  
I S I D O R A

T O

C A S I M I R :

A N

E P I S T L E.

---

*Cur unquam plus me, Frater, quam Frater amasti ?  
Et tibi, non debet quod Soror. esse, fui ?*

OVID. EPIST.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Roberts, near the Oxford-Arms in War-  
wick-Lane.

M.DCC.XXXV.



OT  
The ARGUMENT.

**T**HE Persons characterised under the Names  
of CASIMIR and ISIDORA, are the unhappy  
Orphans POLYDORE and URANIA ; whose guilty  
Passion is described in the Atalantis. This Epistle  
is supposed to be written after the Lady's Retire-  
ment to the Country ; on her hearing that her Bro-  
ther was seiz'd with a Fever.



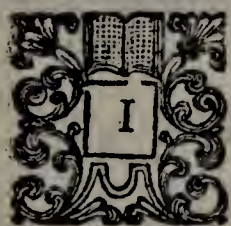




# ISIDORA

T O

# CASIMIR.



F to the Priest's ideal Schemes we trust,

And menial Angels hov'ring guard the Just :

What anxious Crowds around thy Pillow wait !

What trembling Thousands mourn thy wayward Fate !

Blest Spirits charg'd with precious Lives like thine,

Pure as their Essence, as their Hymns divine.

Thy



Thy am'rous Hours, what Angel cou'd reprove ?

Th' ALMIGHTY's Sovereign Attribute is LOVE.

Propitious Pow'rs your purple Pinions spread,  
Diffuse your peaceful Slumbers o'er his Head ; 10  
Affwage the boiling Blood's tempestuous Tide,

Ye Torrents in your Channels gently glide.

Calm be the Tumult of his troubled Soul :

Thy Moments, *Casimir*, serenely roll.

Shall Fev'rish Fires thy sacred Veins invade ; 15

Where wanton Love's luxurious Pulses play'd ?

Shall sick'ning Sorrows o'er thy Youth prevail ;

The Smoothness shrivel'd, the Vermillion pale ;

Shall hated *Harriet* damp thy languid Sight ;

And swell the Terrors of approaching Night ? 20

Say, Charmer, does the proud presumptuous Maid

With luckless Love's endearing Hours upbraid ? 25

Do



Do keen Invectives load thy Cheek with Shame ?

Say, sports her Tongue with *Isidora's* Name ?

Perhaps the pining Nymph relenting lies ; 25

And steals a Tear from sympathetick Eyes :

Perhaps officious props thy drooping Head ;

And kindly wails thy Bloom of Beauty fled.

Will streaming Eyes thy faded Bloom repair ?

Or chase the Vapours of impending Care ? 30

The dear departed Days of Joy restore,

Or footh the busy World to prate no more

Yet, unavailing, tho' their Sorrows be,

Peace seal these Eyes which shed a Tear for thee.

The Drops obdurate Hermets would approve ; 35

And must not Penitence in Beauty move ?

Tyrannick Rage by Sighs is taught to spare ;

And Heav'n offended softens at a Tear.



Well suits Compassion with a Sister's Woe :

Too oft we need that Pity we bestow. 40

Ah ! cou'd I fawning lavish out Relief,

My self a Stranger to the Throbs of Grief ;

To streaming Eyes invoke Returns of Peace ;

And coldly pity with a Heart at Ease ?

If Ease be wand'ring thro' the Gloom of Night, 45

And sleepless raving at reviving Light ;

If Joy be Frenzy, if Dispair be Rest ;

Then *Isidora's* is a Heav'nly Breast.

My Canopy the Sky, my Couch a Stone,

In some sad solitary Vale I moan : 50

To flutt'ring Larks recount our hapless Flame,

Who silent seem to listen to thy Name.

With eager Eyes I claim my absent Dear,

Attentive Audience, does my Love appear ?

O, if



O, if by Chance his wand'ring Steps ye spy, 55

With gen'rous Speed to *Isidora* fly;

With sweet-seducing Strains allure him here ;

Yet, yet, melodious Songsters, is he near ? ---

Hist ! hist ! who knocks ? what means that whisp'ring

Noise ?

He calls, he calls, it is my Brother's Voice. 60

Now cheer me drooping with thy Blaze of Charms ;

Now fold me panting in thy fondling Arms. ---

Ha ! cruel *Harriat*, still debars the Bliss :

What heinous Crime is in a Brother's Kifs ?

What wou'd those Frowns ? those pious Airs of Pride ? 65

With Envy gaze, with threaten'd Tortures chide :

We'll seize th' extatick Instant while we may ;

Nor shall to Morrow's Pennance plague to Day. ---



But why, my beauteous Brother, art thou spread  
Perplex'd and plaintive on the joyless Bed?

Whence spring these Symptoms of a raging Pain?

Why leaps thy Heart, as longing to complain?

Ah! softly tread, his slumb'ring Eye-lids close:

Still be his Cares, refreshing his Repose. ---

Thus flits my Mind, with Dreams delirious fraught;

Thus wild Chimera's start from Thought to Thought;

Thro' Visionary Scenes my Senses rove:

Heavens! how distracted is a Maid in Love!

Imperial Reason's Pow'r in vain we boast,

By what capricious Transports is it tost!

If giddy Passion to the Throne aspires;

The mighty Monarch with a Sigh retires.



Delicious Age, when *Casimir* was gay !  
 When Dreams of Pleasure lull'd the Night away !  
 The kind Ideas on my Fancy preft, 85  
 Belov'd, I lov'd, careffing was carefs'd ;  
 The genial Morn call'd forth thy radiant Face,  
 And real Raptures crown'd the feign'd Embrace.

Enchanting Minutes when thy tuneful Throat  
 To Lyrick Meafures join'd the various Note ; 90  
 In Love-fick Lays deplor'd fome Wretch's Wound,  
 And quav'ring wing'd them with the Charms of Sound.  
 The *Syren* Strains my swimming Senfes stole ;  
 Scarce heav'd my Breaft, and gently flept my Soul :  
 Thy Beauty's felf, by Mufick feem'd improv'd ; 95  
 I look'd, I liften'd, and alas ! I lov'd.



O wondrous Art ! whose Magick Tones compose  
 Th' incessant Rage of agonizing Woes ;  
 Delusive Seats of future Bliss display ;  
 And pleasing Pangs to pensive Hearts convey : 100  
 With soothing Spells the captiv'd Ear assail ;  
 And aid the Softness of the Lover's Tale.

May some indulgent Genius snatch the Lyre,  
 And wake the winning Accents of Desire :  
 Convert thy Fever to a milder Heat ; 105  
 And prompt thy Pulses to an am'rous Beat :  
 Such wishful warm Emotions may'st thou feel,  
 As Guardian Pow'rs to flighted Maids reveal ;  
 When distant Paradise in Dreams appears,  
 And transient Cherubs wipe the trickling Tears. 110

Such



Such once, if Vows and circling Arms spoke true ;  
 Such, fuch, unhappy *Casimir*, you knew ;  
 When broken Sentences and mingling Sighs,  
 Explain'd the longing Languish of the Eyes ;  
 While from thy Lips the tempting Periods flow'd ; 115  
 And yet thy Cheek with Virgin Blushes glow'd.  
 Still unsuspecting of thy bold Intent,  
 Still wond'ring what thy fond Applauses meant ;  
 Proud of thy Smiles, ambitious of thy Praise,  
 My Charms with little Arts I fought to raise ; 120  
 Unconscious of the secret Cause I sigh'd,  
 The struggling Sighs unconscious strove to hide ;  
 Thy melting Murmurs with Attention heard ;  
 And *Casimir* and Love to Peace prefer'd.

If then my Hand thy fervent Fingers preſt, 125  
 Why rov'd they daring to thy Siſter's Breſt ?  
 Ah ! why ? - - - If then the dark Deſign ſhe ſpy'd ;  
 Why cou'd not then his injur'd Siſter chide ?  
 Ask that ſweet Tongue whoſe Speeches cou'd perſwade ;  
 Ask thoſe ſoft Lips whoſe ſtifling Kiſs betray'd ; 130  
 O ask thoſe Eyes whoſe Smiles bewitch'd the Sight,  
 And learn the dear Confuſion of Delight.  
 In that dire Moment fell the Beauty's Boaſt ;  
 Then all my Virgin Vanity was loſt :  
 Then, if alas ! by Birth too near ally'd, 135  
 We err'd, and Nature was the guilty Guide.  
 Uncenſur'd Nature breathes the ſallying Sigh,  
 Bounds in the Heart, and ogles in the Eye.



Cold lifeless Saints, unpitying Priesthood say,

If Nature leads us, is it we that stray?

140

Why start I tim'rous at a Brother's Name?

I met my Brother with a Sister's Flame.

So mix the little Kindred of the Grove,

So joins the Father with the Daughter Dove.

Might we unbounded, unrevil'd as these,

145

(No Fame to forfeit, and no Priest to please)

Together ranging o'er the verdant Vale,

Catch the cool Odours of the Morning Gale:

Reclin'd together in refreshful Bow'rs,

In careless Dalliance waste the Noontide Hours:

150

Or unregardful of the op'ning Glade;

Obey the Summons of the silent Shade.

Here

Here Health is wasted in the Fanning Breeze,  
 Here wanton Wishes are the sole Disease.  
 Come, come, if Health and Liberty can move: 155  
 And are not these the Luxury of Love?  
 A Cott its friendly Covert shall afford ;  
 And Milk and Fruitage load our Homely Board;  
 No Silken Robes bespangl'd o'er with Gold,  
 But humbler Ruffet shall our Limbs infold : 160  
 Serene Content shall cheer th' enamour'd Pair,  
 And add a Flavour to the Rustick Fare.  
 Come to thy Rural Bride, my comely Swain,  
 An Hour of Absence is an Age of Pain ;  
 Like Linnets when the Summer Show'r is gone, 165  
 With Songs we'll welcome the returning Sun.



To part no more, my *Casimir*, we meet,  
 Come lead me glowing to the glad Retreat;  
 Thy own *Ranunculus* shall there be spread,  
 The conscious Rose shall hang her blushing Head,  
 And Pinks depress'd an artless Effence shed :  
 Jess'mines for thee shall twine a fragrant Wreath;  
 O far inferior to thy balmy Breath!  
 While warbling Thrushes join the cooing Dove,  
 And Nuptial Concerts echo through the Grove.

Yet then shall holy *Harriet* blast our Fame,  
 Scoff at our Loves, and triumph in our Shame;  
 With false Regret deceive the curious Crowd,  
 And whisper out her Calumnies aloud :  
 Till all thy bolder Sex, inspir'd to rail,  
 Prolong their Revels with the scandalous Tale?



Such injur'd cou'd'st thou hear, thy vengeful Sword,  
 Wou'd speak the Purpose of its *angry Lord* :  
 But far from Malice, from Dissention free,  
 Entranc'd in Ease inglorious may'st thou be. 185  
 Let ruder Arms the Martial Combat prove ;  
 O ! be thy Warfare in the Fields of Love !  
 Our Lot some Youths untainted may deplore,  
 And those will pity who have err'd before.  
 Then must ye too remorseless Maids conspire 190  
 To blame the tender Influence of Desire ?  
 Have no loose Thoughts profan'd your hallow'd Mind ?  
 Are all to Pray'r and Piety resign'd ?  
 When thou, my Brother, wak'd the rapt'rous Song ;  
 Or in the Dance majestick mov'd along ; 195  
 Were then their Glances and their Sighs divine,  
 Whence rose that Semblance of a Guilt to mine ?

From



From fair to fair the swift Contagion run,  
 Like me they gaz'd, and were like me undone;  
 Each Prude in secret Wishes was embrac'd, 200  
 Heaven knows the constant are the only chaste.

Then sure no jealous Pangs thy Breast need prove;  
 Vain were the Courtship of the fabled *Jove*.  
 Tho' all his Orbs of Gold dissolv'd shou'd pour,  
 Unenvy'd *Danae* might enjoy the Show'r; 205  
 Let happy *Leda* clasp her Silver Swan;  
 Be happier, *Isidora*, blist with Man.  
 Come, *Casimir*, thy lovely Lips impart,  
 Come feel the Throbbings of a Sister's Heart,  
 Come on the Wings of Love, my Charmer, come, 210  
 And *Isidora's* Bosom be thy Home.

Not so thy Mother's latest Breath enjoyn'd,  
 As fainting on her Bed she lay reclin'd;



When hanging on my Hand she dropt a Tear,  
 And blest her Off-spring with a Parent's Care; 215  
 Then pointing out the virtuous Paths she trod,  
 Retir'd exulting to her grateful G o d.

O thou encircled with the Joys above,  
 Tell, are they ought but Harmony and Love?  
 We snatch a little of the Love below, 220  
 And endless Ages are repaid in Woe:  
 Of Hope, of Fame, of Friendship are we spoil'd;  
 By G o d rejected, as by Man revil'd.  
 Ah Woman! vainly Heav'n has form'd the Fair;  
 Kind as thou art, the Lover must despair. 225

Shall starv'ling Virtue's scanty Laws controll  
 The frantick Fondness of a Female Soul?  
 For future Extasies torment it here;  
 And cloud it over with a slavish Fear?

No,



No, no ; if any Tyrant Passion move, 230

The darling Legislator shall be Love.

Love more than Virtue claims a just Regard,

For more than Virtue 'tis its own Reward.

And Fame and Friends for ever I resign,

I am my Brother's, and my Brother's mine. 235

Thy roseate Lips close-clinging shall instill

Th' ambrosial Antidote to ev'ry Ill ;

Tho' such the Multitude of Ills combin'd,

There cannot be a Misery behind.

Yes, Heav'n has yet another Curse in Store, 240

And *Casimir* perhaps is now no more.

Thy Soul perhaps now summon'd to depart,

With swifter Pulses swells thy heaving Heart.

Convulsive Anguish rolls thy darksome Eye ;

And gasping Groans succeed the softer Sigh. 245

Some solemn Father shiv'ring for thy Doom,  
 Perhaps conducts thee to the nauseous Tomb ;  
 Now o'er thy Corse with awful Ardour prays,  
 And Dust to Dust religiously conveys.

The winding Worm pollutes thy faultless Mold, 250  
 Deform'd thy Visage, and thy Bosom cold.

Oft on that beauteous Bosom was I laid,  
 Oft trick'd that Head, and with its Tresses play'd :  
 Those vanish'd Blandishments I now must wail.

Ye rising Horrors of Reflection hail, 255

The Coffin, *Harriet*, and the Shrowd express  
 The gloomy Glories of thy sad Success.

But, since no Tears her furious Zeal cou'd bend,  
 Here must her meditated Mischiefs end.

Tho' early in the Morn of Life you fall ; 260

Tho' too distrustless of the dreadful Call ;

Shou'd



Shou'd now the World of Ghosts embodied spring,  
 To meet the Terrors of their thund'ring King ;  
 Th' impartial Justice by thy Bloom were charm'd ;  
 Or Fiends rebellious at thy Smile disarm'd.

265

To Seats of Saints and Martyrs you repair ;  
 And soon thy widow'd Sister shall be there :  
 From Choir to Choir enraptur'd shall we rove,  
 Unfated in Eternity of Love.

And lo ! my Limbs denounce my feeble State,  
 And trembling, scarce sustain their tott'ring Weight.  
 For Refuge to thy Throne forlorn we fly,  
 All-gracious GOD absolve me for I die.

270

*F I N I S*

Should now the World of Gales and Storms

To meet the Powers of their strength

The impartial Justice by thy Power we see

On Pious Reflections by thy Power we see

To those of Justice and Mercy we appeal

And thou thy wisdom's Gift will be to show

From Christ to Gales and Storms we see

Reflected in Harmony of Love

And so I my Light borrow from thy Love

And trusting, Jesus still in this world live

For Refuge to thy Throne forever be

All-potent God of Love and Power be







